

# Oh Sweet Woods

## The Fiery Furnaces

Oh sweet woods I was in tahoe, on the california side  
Waiting in the lobby at 665 1/2 frontage road  
When two extra-blond, short-sleeve, button-down  
White-shirt, blue-tie, mystery mormons  
Came in and put this music on  
Came in and took me by the arm  
And as they had me marching through the parking lot  
And as they were marching through the parking lot  
They blew into their shirt-pocket microphones  
Like this  
And then they drove me to an albertson's outside of boise  
And took me into a back room.  
And they said they wanted to balance my checkbook  
And they said they wanted to organize my receipts  
And itemize my expenses  
And that i had the key  
To a safety deposit box  
With treasury bonds and the key  
To another safety deposit box  
Where i'd stashed away  
The only pewter pocket watch  
That ever belonged to  
Joseph smith's great-great uncle's brother-in-law  
And i said you've got the wrong eleanor friedberger.  
And then they sang at me like this

Lyrics provided by

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